EASTERN AND WESTERN LOVE

WE have just had the gayest, merriest season
at the Kashmiri hill station of Gulmarg,
albeit we have lived in a hotel built of boards
knocked together so roughly that you are
lucky if in your private bedchamber you are
only overheard, not overseen, which is buried
thirty feet deep in snow in winter, a play-
ground for bears instead of subalterns. Push-
ing aside the chick,* which gives such a
pretty tapestry effect to the scene outside,
the dandy "f* carries me down the road past
groups of fungus in every shade of fawn
velvet, for it is the rainy season, past cascades
stained with the blood-like torrents of crimson
water weeds, past where Nunga Parbat, fourth
highest mountain in the whole world, is
hiding his head in disdain, to Baramula Dak
Bungalow, the first resting place of my return
journey from the loveliest country in the
world.

* Transparent screen.
t Wooden cradle borne *by* porters.